

PS  
635  
Z9N25



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 685 Copyright No. \_\_\_\_\_

Shelf Z9 N25

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

















163  
H.C.

# THE TRAIN ROBBER

A FARCE

- BY -



HERBERT C. NASH



# THE TRAIN ROBBER

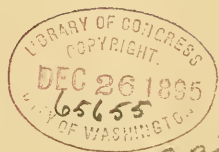
A FARCE

IN ONE ACT

BY ✓

HERBERT C. NASH

34  
As Performed by a Company of Amateurs at Deer Park Inn,  
California, August 6, 1895



SAN FRANCISCO  
C. A. MURDOCK & CO., PRINTERS  
1895

— A —

PS 635  
.Z9 N25

COPYRIGHT, 1895

BY

HERBERT C. NASH

## CHARACTERS.

JOHNSON BROWNJONES . . . . . a plumber "on a racket"  
FRANK SOMERS . . . . . a broker on a holiday  
HAWKEYE . . . . . a detective on a trail  
BILL BUSTER . . . . a cowboy employed at Deer Park Inn  
MRS. JOHNSON BROWNJONES . . . . . a lady of character  
ALICE . . . . . her niece  
MRS. NEWPORT . . . . . a lady of fashion  
GRETCHEN . . . . . maid at Deer Park Inn

*Scene — The Parlor at Deer Park Inn, Summer Season, 1895.*

## COSTUMES.

BROWNJONES.—Loud check suit, English fore-and-aft cap, gaiters.

SOMERS.—Light summer dress, straw hat.

HAWKEYE.—Dark broadcloth suit, Prince Albert coat, derby hat.

BUSTER.—Red flannel shirt, dark trousers, top-boots, soft broad-brimmed felt hat, loose handkerchief around neck, cartridge belt.

MRS. BROWNJONES.—Cioth dress.

ALICE.—Neat summer dress for traveling.

MRS. NEWPORT.—Very fashionable traveling costume.

GRETCHEN.—Housemaid's dress, with cap and apron.

*Time of representation — fifty minutes.*





## THE TRAIN ROBBER.

---

SCENE.—*Parlor of DEER PARK INN. Doors to right and left. Window at center. Ordinary parlor furniture. At back, a screen. In front of screen, a sofa. On the right, a small parlor table.*

GRETCHEN and BILLY BUSTER *discovered.*

GRETCHEN *busy dusting furniture.* BUSTER *sitting on table, dangling one leg.*

BUSTER. Yes, I love you, Gret,—you bet I do! Why, I never felt so bad in my life before. When I made up to Cherokee Sal down in the Bad Lands, I was chipper as a jay all the time; and the night I danced with Bet Maloney at Tombstone, and shot her man, Kid Harrington, I dealt faro for six hours afterwards, and never turned a hair. But now, I don't know where I am at, or what I'm doin'. There's nothin' in my head but you, and you're always there! I don't sleep no more,—I don't eat,—I don't chew,—I don't swear! Why, h—ll! I don't do nothin'! I ain't had a scrap for a week! (*Puts his arm around GRETCHEN'S waist.*)

GRETCHEN. (*Disengaging herself from his embrace.*) Ach! What have you, Mr. Billy! You must not say such things, and do such things. The peoples might see you. My mistress might come in, and she is what you call—one—holy—terror! And they say you are one very bad man—*boese*——

BUSTER. Boozy! Who says I'm boozy? I should like to hear any one but you say that, Gret! But bad! You're right, there. Do you know why there ain't no rattlers at Deer Park?

GRETCHEN. No—*nein*.

BUSTER. 'Cause I killed them all—that's why. Do you know why there ain't no pizen oak at Deer Park?

GRETCHEN. *Nein*—I do not know.

BUSTER. 'Cause I chewed it all up—that's why. That's the kind of a man I am! I'm a dandy, but no dude!—But with you, Gret, I'm all different. I've got no more fight in me than a suckin' calf. I'm darned if a Greaser could n't lick me! O, Gret! Don't you love me a little bit?

GRETCHEN. You are a good man to me, Mr. Billy,—very *gut*—kind; but at Oberhausen—in Baden—there is Fritz, who waits till I get a little *geld*, then I send for him, and he comes to America and marries me.

BUSTER. (*Flourishing bowie-knife.*) When he comes, I'll cut his liver out! Send for him—send for your Dutch sourkrout-chewin' Fritz, and I'll chop him into sausage-meat—

GRETCHEN. *Ach! Himmel!* Mr. Billy! What have you? Keep still! What did I say? I say Fritz waits till I get a little money. Perhaps he wait a little time,—perhaps he wait a very long time. Who knows? Did I say I want Fritz now,—right away? Perhaps I never want Fritz. (*Coquettishly.*) I like the American cow-man,—so *stark*, so *brafe*—

BUSTER. (*Effusively.*) O, you little Dutch angel!

GRETCHEN. But now I am very sad, Mr. Billy. My little brother Herrmann—he is sick in 'Frisco—very sick; and I have no money for the doctor—and the medicine. (*Sobs.*) O, my poor little—brother—and no money!

BUSTER. No money! Thunder and lightnin'! Here! (*Draws money from his pocket and gives it to GRETCHEN.*) Here is what I won playin' poker last night. Send it to the kid.

GRETCHEN. O, thank you, Mr. Billy! (*Counts money.*) Now I am happy. You are very *gut*. I think some day I love you! (*Looks out at window.*) But a team has arrived—with a gentleman. Go!—see who it is who comes.

BUSTER. All right. Ta-ta, Gret! And remember, if Fritz comes—— (*Makes signs of carving with bowie-knife.*) Remember! (*Exit.*)

GRETCHEN. (*Alone.*) Now, I must go on with my work. But I have made somedings this morning (*laughs and rattles money in her hand*) for *lieber* Fritz! (*Goes towards door, and runs against BROWN-JONES.*)

*Enter BROWNJONES, door R.*

*As he enters, GRETCHEN backs before him to center.*

BROWNJONES. (*Smiling at GRETCHEN.*) Ah there, my dear! Are you one of the maids? Can I have a room in this delightful place? (*Aside.*) Damned nice maid!

GRETCHEN. Yes, sir; I am the maid. I will go see if you can have one room.

BROWNJONES. That's right, honey; but come

back soon. You're too pretty to be running about alone. (*Attempts to take her hand, but GRETCHEN eludes him and runs out.*) And here I am (*sings*), "Out on a racket, racket up to there!" Once more a bachelor—for the time being; and I am going to re-taste all the old sweets—the girls, bless their dear hearts; the small "bots"; the cards and bones with the boys; to go to bed when I like, and get up when I want to. O, happy days now before me! Two weeks of fun and freedom! My wife (*pauses, and resumes in a graver tone,*) thinks that I am in Southern California, on a mission for an Irrigation Committee. Grand idea that of mine! It occurred to me three days ago, while attending the convention of master plumbers at Sacramento. So I wrote to Mrs. Brownjones, telling her that I had been appointed a committee of one to investigate the desert lands of San Bernardino County, with a view to putting in plumbing when the desert should be irrigated; and I made an arrangement with my friend Gayboy, of Yuma, who was at the convention, by which he is to send Mrs. Brownjones a telegram from Yuma every three days, in my name,—kind of non-committal telegrams. For instance, one day he will wire, "Health good; work progressing; love to all." Another day, "Hard at work; weather hot; very lonely without you." Another day, "Why don't you write; feel very blue and sad, but doing good work; love to the children." And so on. We wrote out a number, and all that he has to do is to send them and pay for them. Meanwhile, instead of being at Yuma, I am up here in the

high Sierras, a boy again,—rather an old one, I admit, but young at heart, and skittish as a kid. And why here, at Deer Park? Ah! Speak, my heart, speak! Because of a pair of blue eyes and a coil of chestnut hair that I saw at Sacramento! The hair and eyes were at the station, and had a trunk checked to Truckee; so I went to Truckee, and there I lost sight of them, but heard that they had gone on to Deer Park. And so, here I am! And if I can't find the blue eyes and chestnut hair,—why, gray eyes and brown hair, or black hair and brown eyes, or red hair and blue eyes, will do—all or any will go; anything for a change. Variety is the spice of life. Now, I'm going to enjoy myself. (*Sings.*) “Out for a racket, racket up to there!”

*Enter FRANK SOMERS, door R.*

SOMERS. (*Seeing BROWNJONES.*) Hello, Brownjones! What are——

BROWNJONES. (*Interrupting.*) Hush!—Stop!—There is no Brownjones here! Brownjones is at Yuma—plumbing the desert! This is Mr. Sullivan, tourist, from 68 Beacon street, Boston, doing California, and getting done brown by the natives. (*Looks around suspiciously, takes SOMERS' arm, and comes down to front.*) Frank, I saved your life once, didn't I?

SOMERS. Yes; but——

BROWNJONES. But nothing! I saved your life. Now, won't you do something for me in return for my risking my life to save you from drowning?

SOMERS. Oh, look here!—risking your life is

rather too strong. Why, you merely stood on the wharf and held out a fishing-pole to me, and when I caught hold you pulled me in. You did not even get wet.

BROWNJONES. What of that? I'll get wet, Frank, if you wish it—I'll get wet! I'll go and roll in the creek here! But you will admit that but for me and my fishing-pole you would now be in another world.

SOMERS. Oh, yes—I suppose so. Well, what do you want me to do?

BROWNJONES. I want you to do nothing—to say nothing—to know nothing about me. I am here incog., Frank,—on a little racket of my own. My wife does n't know I'm out—or, at least, she supposes that I am at Yuma. Remember,—Yuma! Brownjones, whom you know, is at Yuma. Sullivan, whom you do not know, is here.

SOMERS. Do you mean to say, Mr. Brownjones, that you are here under an alias, passing yourself off as an unmarried man, deceiving your excellent wife and loving children, playing the parts of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? No, sir! I do not lend myself to such baseness! You are an old reprobate, and I am——

BROWNJONES. (*Interrupting.*) You are an ass, Frank,—that's what you are! Why, what harm am I doing? Taking an innocent bit of a holiday away from my family—which is a fine family, I admit, but trying in the long run. Quail, you know, is an excellent bird; but when you have to eat it three times a day, and every day, week, month, and year, it palls on the palate, and you need a change. You don't



understand this at present, but you will in time—when you are married, Frank. By the way, how about that niece of mine,—Alice, my ward,—eh?

SOMERS. (*Savagely.*) Yes, how about her? Just before I came up here she wrote me a farewell letter, and said that you had told her I was no good, and that if she ever saw me again you would send her to the Sacred Heart Convent in Paris, and keep her there until she was twenty-five. That's how about Alice! And now you come asking me to do you favors! But I shall expose you!

BROWNJONES. Frank, my dear boy, hush! Remember, I saved your life——

SOMERS. (*Excitedly.*) It seems that you told her that I was good for nothing,—a hypocrite,—a bar-room statue,—a tippler,—a spendthrift,——

BROWNJONES. Frank, be calm; she exaggerated. I never said all that; and what I did say was only in a matrimonial sense. In every other character but as a suitor for Alice, I like you very much, Frank. But for her I have loftier views. Oh, yes, I like you, Frank; and if anything happened to you, I should grieve sorely.

SOMERS. So should I. But I'll tell you what I am willing to do. If you will make it right with Alice, I shall say nothing about this latest racket of yours.

BROWNJONES. Well,—we'll see, my boy;—we'll see. Anyhow, remember, if you spoil my little fun, I'll spoil yours. If you let me alone, I'll think about the Alice business. But how is it that you happen to be here?

SOMERS. Oh, I am taking my two weeks' vacation.

BROWNJONES. (*Looking at his watch*). Ah, I must be looking around. I have an engagement, Frank,—with a lady. So, ta-ta, for the present. And remember, I saved your life,—and ingratitude is a crime! I saved your life, (*goes towards the door, then turns back,*) saved your life! (*goes out, then puts his head in at door,*) your life!

(*As BROWNJONES goes toward door on left, GRETCHEN and HAWKEYE appear at door on R. HAWKEYE, at sight of BROWNJONES, draws photo from his pocket and looks at it, then at BROWNJONES, who turns and looks curiously at HAWKEYE; then exit BROWNJONES.*)

*Enter GRETCHEN and HAWKEYE.*

GRETCHEN. (*To HAWKEYE.*) This, *mein Herr*, is the parlor. Will you put down your grip and wait a little? The other people who came with you in the stage are looking at rooms.

HAWKEYE. (*To SOMERS.*) Do you know that man who has just left the room?

SOMERS. (*Confused.*) Yes. That is Brown—I mean Sullivan. Yes, Sullivan,—John L. Sullivan—No, Pop Sullivan,—I mean Yankee Sullivan—I mean—I mean—well, Sullivan, anyhow!

HAWKEYE. (*Draws note-book from his pocket and makes notes.*) And your name might be?

SOMERS. Sullivan—no, no—Somers, I mean—Frank Somers.

HAWKEYE. Of San Francisco?

SOMERS. Yes, of 'Frisco. But, excuse me, what business is that of yours?

HAWKEYE. Oh! no business; curiosity, simply. And this Mr. Sullivan—of course, you have not known him a long time—not very intimate with him, are you?

SOMERS. Intimate! Well, I should—that is—why he—No—I never saw Sullivan until this morning.

HAWKEYE. Exactly. And what may his first name be?

SOMERS. Why, John L.—No, that is—(*aside*) hang it, he did not tell me that; devilish awkward! (*Aloud.*) But I tell you I don't know Sullivan; never saw him before; only know his name.

HAWKEYE. Of course, you never knew him under any other name—any alias——

SOMERS. (*With exaggerated emphasis.*) Oh, never, never. Oh, no. Only one name. Never any other. One name—one——

HAWKEYE. Thank you, Mr. Somers; that is all—for the present. (*Bows.*)

SOMERS. (*Aside.*) D—n that man. Who is he anyhow? I don't like him. He is too damned insolent. Shall I kick him? No, I'll go out and think about Alice. (*Exit.*)

HAWKEYE. (*To GRETCHEN, who has been dusting room.*) Come here, my dear. You are a very nice girl—a Dutch girl, I think. Yes? Ah! that accounts for it. You Dutch people are very good people and have a healthy regard for the law and its officers. You know what a detective—a police officer is, don't you?

GRETCHEN. *Polizei! Ach!* yes, I know.

HAWKEYE. (*Showing his badge.*) Well, you see, I am one, a polly's eye officer, as you call them. And now, I want you to keep quiet, like a good little Dutch girl, and just tell me about that gentleman who went out of here when I came in. When did he arrive?

GRETCHEN. That nice old gentleman? *Ach!* he has done nothing. He is too *dumm*. He came in a little vile ago, this morning. *Himmel*, a polizei officer! (*Aside.*)

HAWKEYE. From Truckee?

GRETCHEN. I know not. But he is a good old *Herr*, and I will not talk to a *polizei* officer. Let me do my work. (*Enter SOMERS.*)

SOMERS. (*To HAWKEYE.*) Hello! you still here? Mr.—, by the way, you did not tell me your name.

HAWKEYE. (*To SOMERS.*) Mr. Somers, my name is Hawkeye. I am a detective in the service of Mr. Pinkerton, as you will see by my badge. My special business at present is the capture of the Cow Creek Canyon train robbers. I have excellent reasons for believing that I have cornered one of them here, this morning, in the person of your friend, Mr. Sullivan. (*Somers makes a motion of dissent.*) Oh, yes; and I may as well tell you at once that your own actions have been so suspicious that I intend keeping you in sight. I warn you of this in a friendly manner, in order that you may not try to give me the slip. I have two men with me who are quite able to account for you and Mr. Sullivan also.

SOMERS. Detective!—train robbery!—Brown-jones a train robber!—myself implicated! Oh! this must be a nightmare!

GRETCHEN. (*Aside.*) What things I hear. That old *Herr a rauber!* I will find him and tell him the *polizei* is looking for him. Perhaps he give me something—for Fritz. (*Exit.*)

HAWKEYE. (*To SOMERS.*) Did you say Brown-jones? alias Sullivan, of course. Well, to make sure of him, I telegraphed to Mrs. Newport to come and identify him. She was on the train that was robbed and saw the robber.

SOMERS. (*Aside.*) All this is impossible. Yet Brownjones is a self-confessed old reprobate. What if this were true and his yarn to me all poppycock. He certainly is traveling under an assumed name and in a sort of disguise, and he was damnably confused when he met me. For myself, I don't care. I can prove an alibi—— And if the old fellow is a train robber, I can marry Alice—sure!

(BROWNJONES' voice heard outside singing "Out on racket, racket up to there.")

HAWKEYE. (*To SOMERS.*) Your friend, Mr. Sullivan, seems gay. I heard in Oregon that he was a singer. Well, I don't care to see him just yet. Now, Mr. Somers, you can take a walk,—but don't trouble yourself to try and get away; it will be no use. (*Exit, door L.*)

SOMERS. We'll see which of us two will be fooled in the end. (*Exit, door L.*)

(*Enter BROWNJONES and GRETCHEN by other door.*)

BROWNJONES. Honey—do you know you have an awfully pretty eye,—and your hand is so small and soft. (*Takes her hand.*) May I kiss it? (*Kisses her hand.*) O, what fun! Just as it used to be. Truly the heart never grows old.

GRETCHEN. (*Drawing away her hand.*) *Nein*—you must not—you should be shamed, an old man like you (*BROWNJONES winces*), and so ugly! (*BROWNJONES makes a grimace*), and then you should think of other things; some one is here looking for you (*BROWNJONES takes her hand again.*) Yes (*in a low voice*), a *polizei* officer!

(*Enter BUSTER, door L.*)

BUSTER. (*At door.*) Here, you old side-whiskered dude. Drop my best girl's hand, will you—unless you want your hide blown full of holes. (*BROWNJONES drops hand hastily.*)

GRETCHEN. *Ach!* you stop, Mr. Billy, this gentleman was doing no harm. What you want in the parlor, anyhow?

BUSTER. There's some one out there enquirin' for the old dude!

BROWNJONES. For me? Who?

GRETCHEN. A *polizei* officer.

BUSTER. No. A gal.

BROWNJONES. Ah, yes,—to be sure! A girl with blue eyes and chestnut hair. Where is she?—where is she?



BUSTER. Nary blue eyes!—yeller, I should call them. And her hair is n't chestnut, neither;—reminded me of an old gray mule I once had down in Sonora.

BROWNJONES. Heavens! Who can it be?

GRETCHEN. I tell you it is a *polizei* officer! I talk *mit* him. He says you are a *rauber*, and he takes you to prison!

BROWNJONES. I—a robber! Oh! some mistake, Gretchen. I am a manufacturing plumber—and rich.

GRETCHEN. If you are rich, then sure you are a robber! That is what they tell me in this country.

BUSTER. Right you are, Gret! (*To BROWNJONES.*) Well, sport, what shall I say to the old gal out there?

BROWNJONES. If she has yellow eyes and gray hair, tell her I am out,—tell her I am dead——

GRETCHEN. But I tell you it is a *polizei* officer!

BUSTER. Police officer! Do you think I'd let one of them be on this place alive! Why, I'd smash him into jelly! It's a gal, and I'll tell her you're dead. Only, I warn you, you let Gret alone, or you'll wake up some mornin' without any skin on your carcass! (*Exit BUSTER, door L.*)

GRETCHEN. That Mr. Billy! He always make funny business. I tell you, *mein Herr*, there's a *polizei* officer look for you! He say you robbed a train, and he will take you to prison. I speak *mit* him!

BROWNJONES. Jehoshaphat! This is pleasant news to hear at the beginning of my holiday. Of course I am innocent—but suppose I was taken to the

city in custody! What would the boys say? And Maria! Oh, Heavens! She would know all! She would know that I deceived her—that the telegrams were false—that I lied about plumbing the desert. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! I would go to state's prison rather than face Maria! But it cannot be—this is some stupid mistake of this ignorant German girl.

MRS. BROWNJONES. (*Without, in a strong, masculine voice.*) Dead, is he? Then take me to his corpse!

BROWNJONES. Maria! Oh, Gretchen, hide me—hide me! A thousand dollars if you hide me!

GRETCHEN. *Nein!* Some one comes—I cannot! (*Runs out door R.*)

BROWNJONES. Too late! Too late! (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

*Enter* MRS. BROWNJONES and HAWKEYE.

MRS. B. *catches sight of* BROWNJONES, *screams, and falls into a chair; then gets up and rushes at him.* BROWNJONES *runs behind table.*

MRS. BROWNJONES. I have got you, you wretch!—you brute!—you faithless good-for-nothing! You thought to deceive me, did you? Come out, if you are a man, and stand up like one. And I find him here with a girl! (*To HAWKEYE.*) I knew I should. The moment I read in his letter, “I am appointed a committee of one,” I knew that meant two. I telegraphed to my friend Susan Wilkins, in Sacramento, to find out where he had gone. Her nephew is ticket

agent at the Sacramento depot, and through him she learned that a man answering Brownjones' description had bought a ticket to Truckee, and was seen following a woman with blue eyes and chestnut hair. So I started for Truckee at once with my niece Alice. We arrived there last night, and learned that this wretch (*pointing to BROWNJONES*) had gone to Deer Park, and this morning we started after him. And now, Mr. Brownjones, come home, come home to roost—and to roast! Come, I say! Come out of there! •  
(*To BROWNJONES, who retreats farther behind table.*)

BROWNJONES. (*Despairingly.*) Woman, away! I don't know you! Let me alone!

MRS. BROWNJONES. He calls me woman—me—the wife of his bosom—the mother of his children! He pretends not to know me! This outrage is greater than the other. Mr. Brownjones, are you crazy? If so, come to Stockton!

BROWNJONES. In the first place, my name is Sullivan, not Brownjones; in the second place, I don't know who you are; in the third place, I don't want to go with you or with any female to whom I haven't been introduced. Madam, cease this, and go away!

MRS. BROWNJONES. Do you dare to tell me to my face that you are not Johnson Brownjones, my husband for the past twenty-seven years, and the father of Nicodemus, Erasmus, and Otilia Brownjones?

BROWNJONES. I do dare—I dare very much! (*Enter SOMERS.*) I am Sullivan, of Beacon street, Boston, as you can find out by inquiring. Never knew Brownjones. Took his name once merely to

avoid—a—complications. Moreover, am suspected of robbing a train in Oregon.

SOMERS. (*Aside.*) Gee whiz! What sublime assurance!

HAWKEYE. (*To MRS. B.*) Madam, that last statement of his, at least, is true. He is, in fact, more than suspected of being a train robber—he is the robber himself. I have the complete chain of evidence. He has been known by a dozen different aliases—Sullivan, Brownjones, Myers, The Duke, and others. His real name is Watson. He is wanted in many cities, and is a desperate criminal. I would not insist on having him, if I were you; he is not much of a bargain.

MRS. BROWNJONES. But I do insist! I tell you that he is my husband! He had not been out of my sight twenty-four hours in the past twenty-seven years until this horrid convention at Sacramento; so how can he be all of these criminals? Do you suppose that I do not know my own husband? Why, I am a Theosophist; I attended the Woman's Congress; I wear bloomers; I ride a wheel. No man can fool me!

HAWKEYE. (*To MRS. B.*) And you say that your husband was with you on the night of the first of July, about ten o'clock?

MRS. BROWNJONES. Certainly he was. He never stepped out of the house that evening.

HAWKEYE. That settles it. You were so positive, that for a moment I thought I might have made a mistake. But now I am certain that this man is not your husband; for this man was undoubtedly at Cow Creek Canyon, Oregon, on the night of July first.

SOMERS and BROWNJONES. How do you know that?

HAWKEYE. From indisputable evidence in my possession. Besides, hear the description of the robber and judge for yourselves whether it does not fit our friend here. (*Takes a paper from his pocket and reads.*) Height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, about 150 pounds; eyes, watery; hair, thin and colorless; nose, pug; forehead, receding; complexion, muddy; general appearance, insignificant; marks, ——

BROWNJONES. Stop! Stop! Somers, is that a correct description of me? (*SOMERS crosses to L.*)

SOMERS. Why, yes; I must say that is very good.

BROWNJONES. Then take me to jail, officer. That is where I belong. I made a mistake in being at large.

MRS. BROWNJONES. But he shall not go to jail; the father of my children shall not go to jail. I shall punish him. Don't you worry. He goes with me.

BROWNJONES. I don't. Officer, this woman is a lunatic. Arrest her and shut her up. Isn't she a lunatic, Somers? (*To HAWKEYE.*) He knows her. Somers knows her family. Knew her before she was in the Stockton Asylum; for she has been there.

MRS. BROWNJONES. This is too, too much! Mr. Somers, I appeal to you. You know Brownjones well. You know this is he. Say so.

BROWNJONES. (*Aside to SOMERS.*) Stand by me now, and you get Alice; if not, she goes to the Convent. (*Aloud.*) Yes, Somers; speak out; tell the truth.

HAWKEYE. Mr. Somers, you evidently know this lady. Please settle the question. Is this man her husband?

SOMERS. He is not. This man's name is Sullivan. I know Brownjones well. He is in Yuma.

BROWNJONES. (*Aside.*) Bless you, Frank!

HAWKEYE. And this lady—— Is she in her right mind?

SOMERS. I rather think not.

MRS. BROWNJONES. O, you perfidious wretch! Men are all alike—all against a poor woman, and always shielding one another—'t was ever thus!

HAWKEYE. Moreover, madam, this man Sullivan has another wife.

MRS. BROWNJONES. Then he is a bigamist.

SOMERS. Yes, and a beautiful creature, who is here——

(*Enter GRETCHEN.*)

BROWNJONES. And here she is (*indicating GRETCHEN*). Somers, take care of my wife, will you? (*pointing to GRETCHEN.*) I'm penned up behind this table and cannot do anything, and I'm afraid that lunatic will do her some mischief.

MRS. BROWNJONES. That lunatic! Oh, you will suffer for this! (*SOMERS takes GRETCHEN aside and talks in low tones.*)

BROWNJONES. And now, officer, I'll trouble you to remove the lunatic. I may be a train robber, a murderer,—what you will,—but I have committed no crime to warrant the infliction upon me of that woman!

SOMERS. (*To HAWKEYE.*) Yes, take her out, and leave Sullivan alone with his wife for a few minutes. He can't escape, you know.

HAWKEYE. I know it. And it is reasonable that



he should want to bid adieu to his wife. (*To* MRS. BROWNJONES.) Come along, madam! (*Takes her arm.*)

BROWNJONES. }

SOMERS. }

GRETCHEN. }

Yes, go along, madam!

MRS. BROWNJONES. I shall not go along! Come on, all of you, and make me budge, if you dare!

HAWKEYE. (*To* MRS. B.) Come, come.

BROWNJONES. }

SOMERS. }

GRETCHEN. }

Yes, go, go! (*They push her.*)

MRS. BROWNJONES. Never! (*Struggling.*)

BROWNJONES. }

SOMERS. }

GRETCHEN. }

Go on—go to Stockton!

(*They push* MRS. BROWNJONES. *HAWKEYE drags her. She struggles and screams, but is finally pushed out. HAWKEYE and SOMERS go with her, door R.*)

BROWNJONES. And this is my pleasant holiday! Truly, I am having a glorious time! My wife taken off to a lunatic asylum; I myself arrested for train robbery; our happy home wrecked; my children practically orphans. Yes, Johnson Brownjones, you have made a howling success of your holiday this year, and no mistake! But I must now try to set matters right. And, to begin with, I must make use of this girl to help me out. (*To* GRETCHEN.) Now, my good soul, you know that I am in a whole peck of trouble, and you alone can help me. Will you do so, my dear? Will you?

GRETCHEN. *Ach!* What can a poor girl like me do?

BROWNJONES. A great deal. In the first place, you know you are my wife.

GRETCHEN. I—your wife! Never! You might be the only man in the *velt*, but you would never be my man.

BROWNJONES. Oh, but it is only for a short time, you know. Of course, you will not be my wife really, but people must think that you are.

GRETCHEN. What peoples?

BROWNJONES. Why, my real wife, and Hawkeye, and the people of the place here, and the visitors.

GRETCHEN. *Nein, nein!* I do not understand all this. Let me to my work go! (*Moves toward door L.*)

BROWNJONES. Oh, Gretchen — dear Gretchen! Do not desert me, or I am lost!

GRETCHEN. (*Holding out her hand.*) *Wie viel?*

BROWNJONES. We feel? Of course, we feel. Of course, you feel for a poor unfortunate husband and father in mental anguish and physical distress.

GRETCHEN. (*Making gesture with her fingers.*) *Wie viel?* What you say? How much?

BROWNJONES. What? The same old story, eh? Nothing goes but the almighty dollar. I am surprised at your heartlessness, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN. (*Shrugging shoulders.*) I am only a simple German girl. But Fritz is far away and it takes *geld* to come to America.

BROWNJONES. Well, I'll give you fifty dollars.

GRETCHEN. (*Shaking her head.*) *Nein*, not *genug*. The steerage is forty *thalers* from Bremen.

BROWNJONES. Seventy-five !

GRETCHEN. Not *genug*. The Southern Pacific makes me pay sixty *thalers* from New York.

BROWNJONES. One hundred !

GRETCHEN. *Nein*. For he must have clothes und dings, and they cost many *thalers*.

BROWNJONES. D—n it ! Well, a hundred and fifty. There ! (*Gives her money.*)

GRETCHEN. *Gut !* Now I am your wife.

BROWNJONES. (*Attempting to kiss her.*) My dear little turtle-dove.

GRETCHEN. (*Pushing him off.*) When the peoples is here,—but when we are alone I am not your wife, only the maid Gretchen.

BUSTER. (*Appearing at door R.*) Hello ! What 's goin' on here ? Holy smoke ! but I'll soon find out. (*Hides behind the screen and looks out.*)

GRETCHEN. Only a simple maid,—but if you want one little *küsse*——

BROWNJONES. I do. I do ——

GRETCHEN. (*Holding out her hand.*) *Wie viel ?*

BROWNJONES. Well—ten cents.

GRETCHEN. Ten cents ! Vat could I do *mit* ten cents ?

BROWNJONES. Well, I don't care — Ten dollars then.

GRETCHEN. All right. Will you have him now—in a minute.

BROWNJONES. (*Rapturously.*) In a minute ? In a second ! (*Takes her hand and attempts to embrace*

her. *At that moment MRS. BROWNJONES appears at door R., and stops, looking at them, and shaking her umbrella at BROWNJONES.*)

MRS. BROWNJONES. Oh!

BROWNJONES. (*Starting.*) What was that! (*Looks around. Mrs. B. hides behind screen and looks out.*) O, nothing. Now, my dear little girl, let me have that ten dollars' worth of *küssens*. (*Puts his arm around GRETCHEN'S waist.*)

BUSTER. (*Appearing from behind screen and brandishing bowie-knife.*) Stop that! Do you want me to cut you into strips? Durn my eyes, if I don't do you up. Come out, you yellow-livered cuss! come to the woodshed and have it out with me! Here (*offers BROWNJONES a knife*), take that, I have two — and we will carve one another till there's only one of us left for the girl. (*Grabs BROWNJONES by the shoulder.*) Come on now.

BROWNJONES. Oh, my! — I know nothing about carving. I am neither a sculptor nor a butcher. Let me alone, will you?

GRETCHEN. Yes; let dat poor old gentleman alone. He is my husband.

BUSTER. What? What's that? —

MRS. BROWNJONES. (*Appearing from behind screen, brandishing umbrella.*) You impudent hussy! He is no such thing. He is mine — the only one I have. (*Belabors BROWNJONES over head and shoulders with umbrella.*) You wretch! Take that!

BUSTER. (*Pulling BROWNJONES by one arm.*) Come on, come on to the woodshed —

MRS. BROWNJONES. (*Pulling B.'s other arm.*) Come on, come on home, you depraved brute!

*(They pull him first to one side, then to the other. Finally BROWNJONES breaks from them and runs out at door R., followed by BUSTER, MRS. BROWNJONES, GRETCHEN, and HAWKEYE, who enters at that moment. They all re-enter by door at L, and cross the stage, running, BROWNJONES in the lead. They do this twice, in the order named, then exeunt omnes, running.)*

*Enter ALICE and MRS. NEWPORT in traveling dress.*

ALICE. What can all this commotion be? I thought I saw my uncle running around a pine-tree followed by a lot of people. Perhaps they are playing at tag. I have heard it said that the rarefied air at this altitude makes people do very strange things.

MRS. NEWPORT. I can readily believe it. I have seen the strangest things since I came to California, and some of my adventures would have made Baron Munchausen turn green with envy. But what has become of your aunt?

ALICE. I cannot imagine. She suddenly disappeared as soon as we arrived. I suppose she is looking for suitable rooms. I must try and find her.

MRS. NEWPORT. And I must look for my detective who telegraphed me to come up here. I wonder what his important business is. Probably they have caught my robber, but I hope not. *(Sentimentally.)* He called me a perfect Venus, and he was such a handsome man. *(Enter SOMERS.)* Well, that isn't he, anyhow. *(Looking at SOMERS.)*

SOMERS. *(Seeing ALICE.)* Alice!

ALICE. (*Starting.*) Frank!

MRS. NEWPORT. Well, as you young people appear to be acquainted, I shall leave you and go and look for my robber. (*Exit.*)

ALICE. You here!

SOMERS. Oh! Alice, I have some good news, glorious news for both of us.

ALICE. (*Coldly.*) Indeed! And what may that glorious news be?

SOMERS. Your Uncle Brownjones consents to our being married.

ALICE. (*Turning over the leaves of a book.*) Oh, he does? Does he think he can dispose of me as he would of one of his bath-tubs?

SOMERS. Apparently! Anyhow, there are now no impediments to our marriage.

ALICE. (*With indifference.*) I do not quite agree with you, Mr. Somers. I think there are insurmountable impediments.

SOMERS. For instance? —

ALICE. For instance; between you and me, Mr. Somers, there are (*counting on her fingers*) a hypocrite—a bar-room statue—a tippler—a spendthrift——

SOMERS. Gracious powers! Is it possible that you believe all that of me?

ALICE. Certainly; my good uncle gave me the full and detailed list of your virtues, as I wrote you in my farewell letter. And my uncle is like the Father of his Country—he does not know how to tell lies; he is a man of lofty character.

SOMERS. Lofty character, eh? Doesn't know how to tell lies? Why, what do you suppose he is doing up here?

ALICE. Probably pursuing some scientific investigations, or studying nature.

SOMERS. Not much ! He is pursuing a girl with blue eyes and chestnut hair—that's what he is pursuing; he is studying how to have his wife shut up in the insane asylum; that's what he is studying. Pleasant, healthy pursuits and studies for a married man.

ALICE. What is all this?

SOMERS. The truth. Everybody here knows it. Ask your aunt; ask the detective; ask any one.

ALICE. (*Relenting.*) Frank, you are not deceiving me, are you? Is all this possible? It is true that I have never thought you a hypocrite; nor seen you tippling, nor posing as a statue,—and as for being a spendthrift—the candy you send me, I notice, comes from the grocery store,—and when you take me to the theater our seats are always in the family circle,—and the flowers you send are just a little off, bought of the corner peddler—— No; you are certainly not a spendthrift, Frank.

SOMERS. But I will be, my darling ! I will reform. No—I mean, I am all right. Anyhow, I love you better than my life, than my soul, and if you will not have me, I'll go and throw myself into Lake Tahoe when your uncle is not at hand to fish me out. Oh, Alice, I do love you so ! Will not you love me again? If I have done anything wrong, I am sorry for it, sincerely sorry—and you know, it is said that the angels rejoice when a sinner repents. Will you not help me to repent and the angels to rejoice?

ALICE. Oh, you want me to treat the angels to a smile, do you?

SOMERS. Alice, for me there is but one angel, and she is on earth.

ALICE. Well, I suppose that I ought to encourage repentance. (*To audience.*) What do you say? Shall I forgive him?—Yes? All right! I do not believe that he is as black as he has been painted. Anyhow, like many another woman, I am willing to take chances. Frank, you may kiss me if you like (*noise outside*)—no; I hear footsteps, some one is coming,—let us go.

(*Exeunt ALICE and SOMERS, door L.*)

*Enter BROWNJONES, running and out of breath, door R.*

BROWNJONES. (*Fanning himself with cap.*) Whew! I have given them the slip. There's life in the old man yet. I find that I can dodge and double like a fox. They lost me in the thick wood by the creek and are scrambling up the hill to the Iron Spring on a false trail. And now to be off. I noticed a couple of horses ready saddled standing by the barn. I shall borrow one, and while my persecutors are chasing rainbows around the Iron Spring, I shall gallop off somewhere—I don't care where—anywhere away from Maria, the detective and that furious cow-boy.

*Enter MRS. NEWPORT, door R.*

Hello! (*Seeing MRS. NEWPORT.*) Why! The blue eyes and chestnut hair!

MRS. NEWPORT. (*Aside.*) My Sacramento masher!

BROWNJONES. (*Going towards door R.*) Excuse me, Madam, I am in somewhat of a hurry——



MRS. NEWPORT. (*Standing between him and door.*) You were not in such a hurry in Sacramento.

BROWNJONES. Exactly—quite right—I was not,—but you see this is not Sacramento. I shall be very glad to see you at any time—in Sacramento.

MRS. NEWPORT. (*Sweetly.*) And you are not glad to see me here? Oh, fie! Why, what brought you here?

BROWNJONES. What indeed! I don't know, I'm sure. I wish I had never seen the accursed place. Will you let me pass, Madam. I have—er—important business outside.

MRS. NEWPORT. And your temper was much sweeter in Sacramento. Why, you smiled at me at the station.

BROWNJONES. I—smiled?—I never smile—at least not—not in that way. Oh, yes; I remember now,—I smiled sarcastically.

MRS. NEWPORT. Oh! indeed,—sarcastically! And pray what do you mean by that?

BROWNJONES. I mean sarcastically. Don't you know that there are different kinds of smiles. There's the baby smile, natural, ingenuous,—I can't smile that way—I know too much. There's the happy smile,—I can't smile that way—I'm too miserable. There's the sickly smile,—I can't smile that way—I'm not sick; and there's the sarcastic smile,—that's what smiled near you in Sacramento,—not *at* you, *near* you. Let me by, please.

MRS. NEWPORT. Not yet. Did you also wink sarcastically? Did you also wave your handkerchief sarcastically when I was on the train?

BROWNJONES. Oh, I don't know — But let me pass — let me pass! There's a detective after me —

MRS. NEWPORT. (*Sarcastically.*) A detective! After a good, quiet man like you! You astonish me. And why is a detective after you?

BROWNJONES. Oh, I am a full-fledged train robber — a Cow Creek Canyon train robber!

MRS. NEWPORT. You! (*Takes his head in both her hands and turns his face towards her.*) — No; not my robber at any rate. He was a handsome man and he called me — well, never mind what — Do you know him? Were you in his gang?

BROWNJONES. I? Never! I'm not a real robber, only suspected. And now good-bye; I must fly. The detective is after me; the furious cow-boy is after me; my wife is after me.

MRS. NEWPORT. Your wife! You are married then. And you tried to flirt with me!

BROWNJONES. I did not. You flirted with me.

MRS. NEWPORT. Married! And you smiled sarcastically! But I forget — you are a criminal — a train robber. I remember you now. I shall inform the detective that I identify you, and my identification will mean conviction. I shall tell your wife how you tried to flirt with me in Sacramento — oh, I am afraid that you will rue the day when you met me.

BROWNJONES. Rue it! If I simply rued it, I should be comparatively happy.

MRS. NEWPORT. "Sweet is revenge, especially to women." You will be taken to San Francisco with gyves upon your wrists. I believe that hanging is now the penalty for train robbery. (BROWNJONES

*attempts to pass her.*) No (*pushing him back*), you are my prisoner. You smile sarcastically, do you? (*BROWNJONES falls helplessly into a chair.*) Perhaps you will have an opportunity to learn and practice that sickly smile you mentioned just now—— Ah! here comes some one.

*Enter ALICE, door L.*

ALICE. (*To BROWNJONES.*) Why, Uncle! How are you? (*Goes up to him and shakes him.*) Uncle, what is the matter? (*BROWNJONES groans.*) Don't you know me? Don't you remember Alice?

BROWNJONES. "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" Oh, yes; as least, no; I don't. I'm Sullivan. I'm a robber; a murderer; a sarcastic smiler; a something—I don't quite know what or who I am.

MRS. NEWPORT. (*To ALICE.*) Is this your uncle? (*Pointing to BROWNJONES.*)

ALICE. To be sure. Did I not tell you that my aunt and I were to join him here?

MRS. NEWPORT. (*Aside.*) Her uncle! That alters matters. She is a nice girl.

*Enter MRS. BROWNJONES, HAWKEYE and SOMERS —running and out of breath. They fall into chairs, panting.*

HAWKEYE. Here he is!

ALICE. Uncle! Auntie! Will some one please tell me what is the matter with my uncle and aunt?

HAWKEYE. What's this? Uncle! Aunt! (*To ALICE.*) Who do you think this is? (*Pointing to BROWNJONES.*)

ALICE. Why, my Uncle Brownjones, of course. Who else should it be?

HAWKEYE. (*Pointing to MRS. BROWNJONES.*) And this lady?

ALICE. Why, my Aunt Brownjones, of course.

HAWKEYE. She is crazy, is she not?

ALICE. You are crazy, I think, to ask such a question. Will not somebody tell me what all this means?

HAWKEYE. I am a detective,—Hawkeye, of Pinkerton's force—I never sleep——

MRS. NEWPORT. Poor man, how long your life must seem. But if you are Hawkeye, where is my robber?

HAWKEYE. (*Pointing to BROWNJONES.*) Why, there—— At least, I think so; don't you identify him?

MRS. NEWPORT. That my robber! That thing! Never! My robber was a handsome man. He called me a perfect Venus, and he had such blue eyes! Such a voice! Such a Grecian nose! Such a complexion! Such a slender throat!

HAWKEYE. How could see all that, Madam, when he wore a mask?

MRS. NEWPORT. Never mind how—I saw it. Why, he was at least six feet two inches and as handsome as Apollo. And you have brought me up here to look at this creature. (*Pointing to BROWNJONES.*) You are a nice detective. Your name should be Mole-eye instead of Hawkeye. I am disgusted. (*Exit.*)

HAWKEYE. It seems that I have made a mistake. I must telegraph to headquarters for further instructions. (*Exit.*)

SOMERS. (*Aside to ALICE.*) Come outside a moment, Alice; I have something to say to you. (*Exeunt SOMERS and ALICE.*)

(MRS. BROWNJONES *sobs*; *her face buried in her handkerchief.*)

BROWNJONES. (*Aside.*) Now, I'm in for it— (*Aloud.*) Ahem— Ahem— Mrs. B.— My dear, don't cry——

MRS. BROWNJONES. (*Crying.*) Oh! — Oh! —— Oh! ——

BROWNJONES. You see, it is all explained. I'm not a train robber or a criminal. It was a case of mistaken identity.

MRS. BROWNJONES. Oh! —— I do not care about that. It was not that. I should not care if you had killed everybody on the train. But to say that I was not your wife; — oh! — oh! —— (*Sobs.*)

BROWNJONES. Well,— you see, my dear— (*Aside.*) Now for another lie; one more will not matter much. (*Aloud.*) You see, I found out that I was being shadowed and suspected, and so I came here instead of going to Yuma — to avoid unpleasantness.

MRS. BROWNJONES. Then you did not follow a woman with blue eyes and chestnut hair?

BROWNJONES. I? Never, never! —— I swear it — by my ancestors — by this good right hand ——

MRS. BROWNJONES. No; don't swear Johnson. But (*sobbing*), oh! — oh! — I saw you with your arm around that creature's waist. You were kissing her ——

MR. BROWNJONES. Now, my dear, that was all put on, to keep up appearances. Do you think I can really love a Dutch girl, whom I never saw before to-day, better than my own little wifey?

MRS. BROWNJONES. I know that I am growing old, but I never thought you would tire of me—never! — oh! — oh! —

BROWNJONES. (*With much feeling.*) And I am not tired of you, dear wife. Yes, we are both growing old; but there is one thing older still, and that is love. It is older than our first parents, and yet younger than the new woman. You are a good woman, Maria, and Solomon has said that a good woman is more precious than rubies;—yet there is one thing more precious still—and that is love. It is the greatest thing in the world,—we must not forget that, Maria, even if we are old. It has kept us together all these years; it must keep us together to the end. Do you remember a little song you used to sing before we were married, about the sun-flower — how it turns the same look to the sun in the evening as in the morning? It is evening with us now, but I am like a sun-flower, my look to you and my love for you are the same as they were in the morning of our lives. You know this, Maria.

MRS. BROWNJONES. Yes, Johnson, I think you love me still; only you have such a singular way of showing it sometimes.

BROWNJONES. That is on account of circumstances over which I have no control. Now, Maria, say you believe and forgive me.

MRS. BROWNJONES. Yes, John, I believe you. I forgive you.

BROWNJONES. (*Aside.*) O, those kisses on the Blarney stone! How useful they prove sometimes. (*Aloud.*) Well, now that we have made up, let us go and find the others and have a general jollification.

*Enter SOMERS and ALICE hand in hand.*

BROWNJONES. Hello! What's this? Frank, what are you doing with my ward!

ALICE. We are going to be married, Uncle and Auntie.

BROWNJONES. What! without my permission? Never!

SOMERS. (*Aside to BROWNJONES.*) Remember your promise.

BROWNJONES. To be sure — ah, yes — all right. But it is my duty, as a trustee, to give my ward an opportunity to make a better match. Alice, there is a gentleman of wealth and prominence in San Francisco who wishes to marry you. Will you have that prominent gentleman or this individual? (*Pointing to SOMERS.*)

ALICE. Uncle, I'll have the individual.

(MRS. BROWNJONES *kisses* ALICE.)

*Enter GRETCHEN, BUSTER, HAWKEYE and MRS. NEWPORT.*

GRETCHEN. (*Sobbing.*) Oh! — oh! — oh! — I feel so bad!

ALL. What is the matter, Gret?

GRETCHEN. Oh! — it is Fritz — I just had one

letter from my *Mutter*, and she say Fritz has married my cousin Freda in Oberhausen — oh ! — oh ! —

BROWNJONES. Well, then, why not marry Buster here? He loves you.

GRETCHEN. Oh, but a wild man like that — a cow-man.

MRS. BROWNJONES. (*Looking attentively at BUSTER, and removing his sombrero.*) What's that? — A wild man? — Why, this is little Johnny Bingo, salesman at the lace counter at Rosenbaum's. I have known Johnny well for years. I guess he was never out of San Francisco till he came here. He would not hurt a fly.

GRETCHEN. What? No cow-man? Then I have him, and he have Fritz's *geld*.

BUSTER. Good for you, Gret. You won't regret it.

MRS. NEWPORT. Well, good people, I must be off to look for my robber.

HAWKEYE. Suppose we seek him together.

MRS. NEWPORT. I do not mind. You are a pretty good-looking man yourself. And I shall make you keep your eyes open. Is it to be through life? (*Archly.*)

HAWKEYE. (*Bowing.*) Through life. (MRS. NEWPORT *takes his arm.*)

BROWNJONES. Well, this has been a day of experiences. An individual called Bacon has said that a man is simply what he knows. Now, I don't agree with Mr. Bacon. I believe that a man is simply what he accomplishes. Therefore, I believe I am great, for I have accomplished much to-day. First, I got everybody in this place upside down; then I turned



them all right side up again. Is n't that great? And of one thing you may all rest assured : I have to-day been out on my first and last "racket."

SOMERS.

MRS. BROWNJONES.

ALICE.

BROWNJONES.

HAWKEYE.

GRETCHEN.

MRS. NEWPORT.

BUSTER.

*R.*

*L.*

*Curtain.*



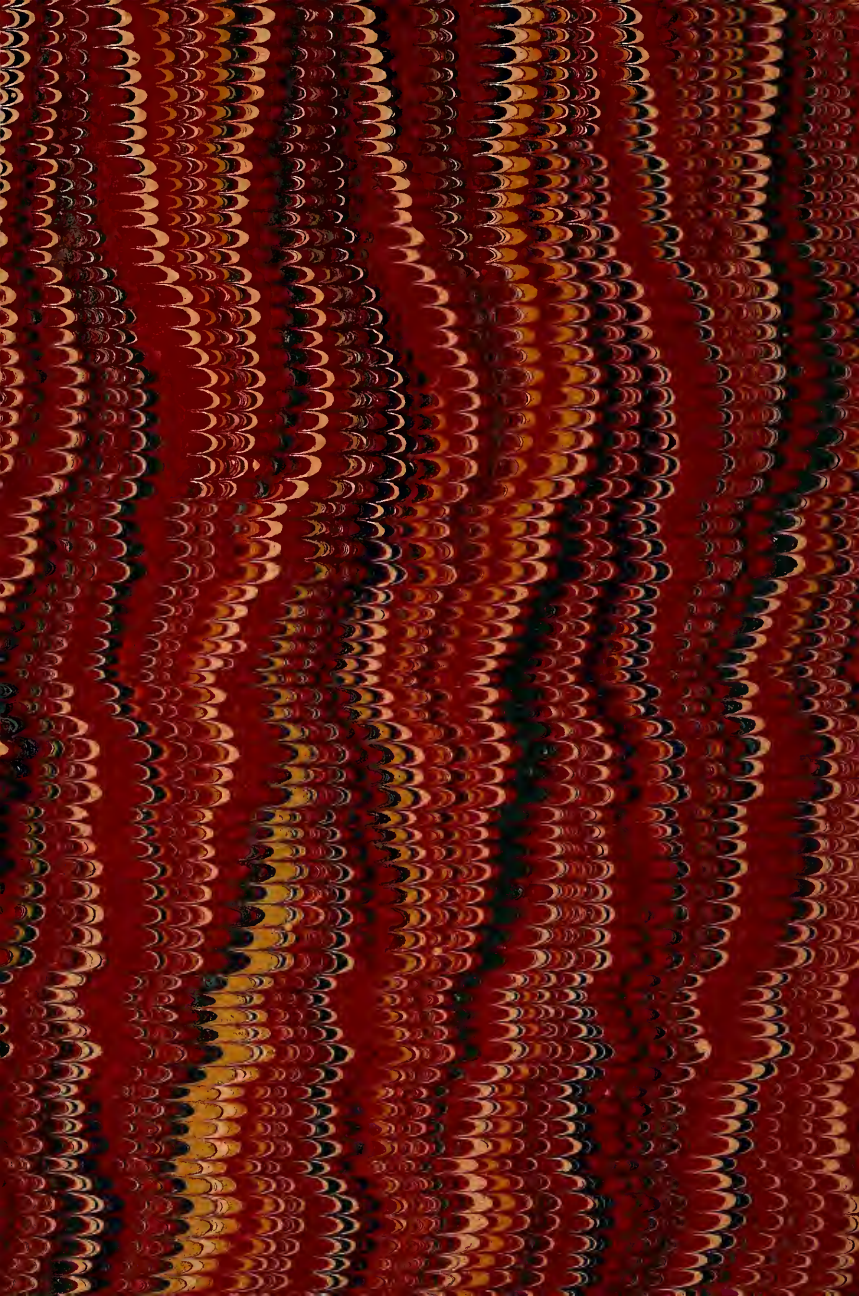




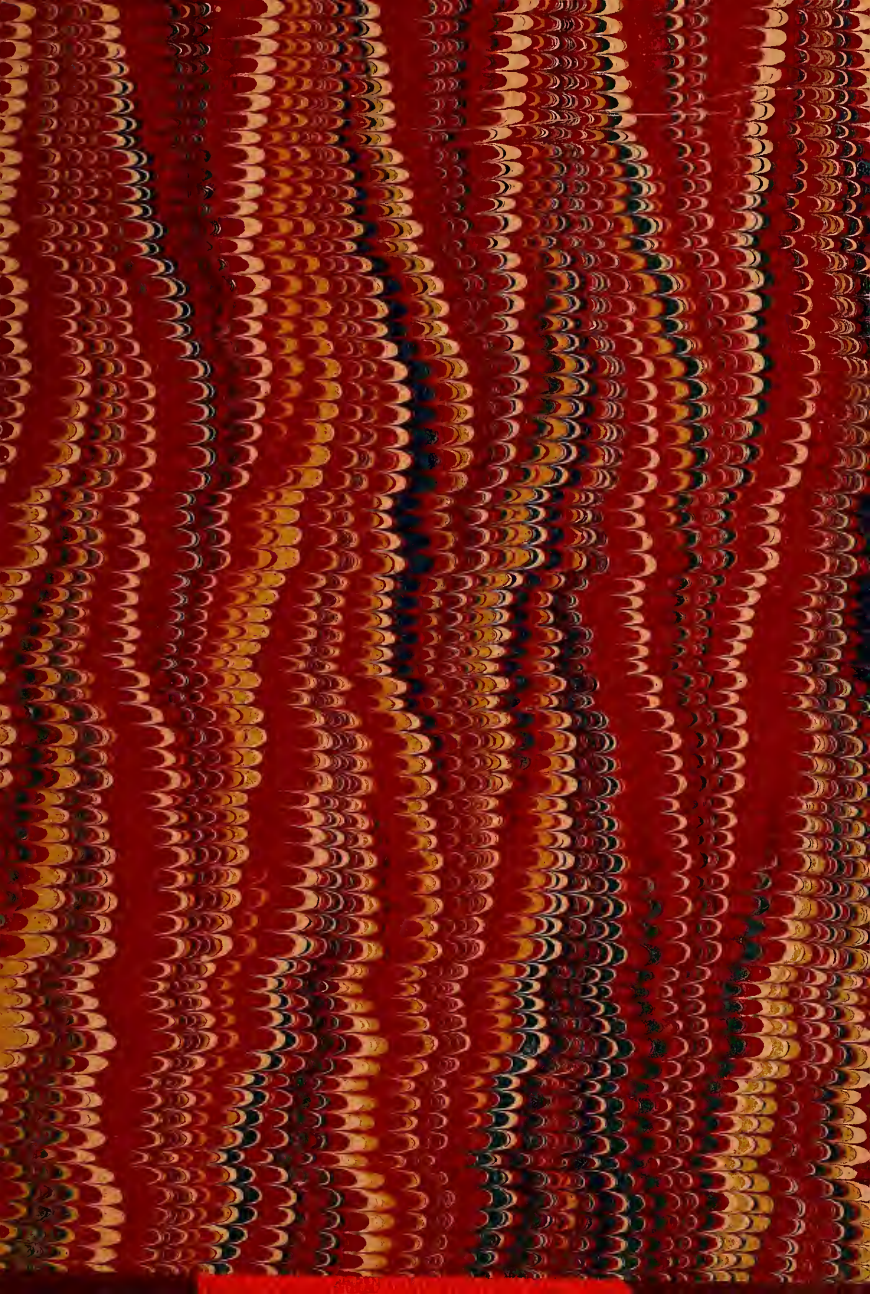












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 401 132 1